

The Lay of Tin-Pot Tom.

BY PORCUPINE.

ARGUMENT.

The City Council has paid the annual grant of \$75.00 towards keeping a life-boat service, not to Wm. Ward, the Island fisherman, who was elected life-boat keeper by the voice of the people, but to one Thomas Tinning, on the strength of a declaration made by the latter, that he keeps a boat for LIFE-SAVING purposes, and the following *life-saving apparatus*, viz:—

- 2 Life-Preservers. (Oh, preserve us!)
- 1 Sail. (A forced one, doubtless.)
- 1 Painter. (This is put in to give a little color to his story—probably a water color.)
- 2 Lanterns. (Evidently intended to throw a little light on the subject.)
- 1 Boat Hook. (Allegorical, signifying that he intended to get the city grant by hook or crook.)
- 1 Grappling Iron. (An instrument which makes things deuced *lively* for dead bodies.)
- 2 Pairs of Oars. (1 without a blade, and 2 without a handle.)
- 1 Boat, holding 10 persons. (More or less; rather less if aught.)

The whole of the property is landed and stored at _____'s wharf. (We fear that this report of Tinning's landed property is a groundless one.)

An ancient mariner am I, and somewhat known to Fame, For I'm an artful dodger, sir, and up to every game. When low, disgusting storms blow high, I stay at home, in ease,

And when the month of March appears, the Council pays my fees;

I've drawn some prizes in my time, the best I ever drew Is Toronto's little money grant towards a life-boat crew.

Of course I don't deny, dear GRIP, my boat is very small, And in a moderate gale of wind, it wouldn't do at all. My saving apparatus, too, will have to be re-set. (To tell the honest truth, old man, I've never seen it yet.) And sad to say, my crew is small, (permit me here to state, There's only Tin-Pot Tom and I. I'm captain, Tin-Pot's mate.)

What though I'm but a "duffer," sir, aboard a sailing craft, (There's no one can deny that I'm a beggar on a raft), And if my *grappling iron* and hook were never known to SAVE, They're awful good at snatching "*stiffs*" from old Ontario's wave; Which "*stiffs*," if dead (they always are), are free from ev'ry ill; And Lor! they've friends on ev'ry hand who always foot the bill.

I know I've got two "Life Preservers," but they of course, you see, Are not for shipwreck'd lunatics (not while there's Mr. T.), Perhaps I swore my sailing boat would hold some 10 or more, (If she had two, besides myself, I'd like to be ashore.) But what's the odds? our Aldermen will always pay the shot, And William Ward does all the work, while Tin-Pot takes the "*Pot*."

I don't deny that Billy Ward's a sailor, ev'ry inch, One who, when duty's call is heard, was never known to flinch; Whilst I have always held (although not faint of heart) That calm Discretion ever is rude Valor's better part. And thus I never face a storm (that were indeed too rash), So William always PULLS the boat, whilst Tin-Pot DRAWS the cash.

Smith Jones Undertakes to Explain the Picture Book to His Two-Year-Old Son.

Look, here's a fellow with a pen stuck behind his ear. That's a lawyer. That's one of them fellows that makes their money out of poor fools that don't know enough to keep away from them. You ain't a' goin' to be a lawyer, mind that, my birkie!

See this one with a long black coat an' white choker? That's a clergyman. A clergyman marries folks, an' christens them, an' buries them, an' presides at socials, an' gets lots of carpet shoes given him—and—well, I guess that's about all I know about him. You learn a good square trade, sonny.

Now do you see this big man with the watch in one hand, an' grabbin' hold of the man's wrist with the other? Well, that there's a doctor. A doctor gets rung up every time he falls asleep, especially when it's raining cats an' dogs, an' runs for the life of him to cure a baby's belly-ache—or dash a pail of cold water on some ill-tempered woman who's got hysterics. Nol

my boy, you've too much of your daddy's quick temper in you to be a doctor.

Oh, my! gaze on this. Here's a cat, and here's a dog, either the cat's bin chasing the dog, or the dog's bin chasing the cat, or both, its uncertain which, they've kind of got mixed. Anyhow, this man—here's a Magistrate. They call a Magistrate a beak. He fines you for takin' a fit in the street, or for not shovillin' your snow off, and sich. Well, this here beak, he's goin' to fine the owners of these two animiles two dollars each, so he'll be sure to get at the one that chased the other, or the other that chased the one. You won't be a beak, will you, sonny?

This 'ere fellow in the biled shirt and white weskit, with the gold dog chain hanging out of the pocket. That's a tavern keeper. He stands behind the bar whistlin' "He gets ajar." A bar is a place where loafers come in to spit a while, and drink stuff that makes their noses blossom like a young peach tree, an' makes their legs double up under them flip-flop every way. The wives of them loafers can't buy any clothes, and have to give out washin' and take in scrubbin' for a livin'. But, then, it's a free country, an' you have got to make money, honestly if you can, an', if you can't—why, here's the other way.

This here's a wench from the ould sod. She never saw a monkey in her life before, so she thinks that organ grinder must be the monkey's father. 'Stead o' that, the monkey's the greatest grandfather the man has—afore the flood, 'cordin' to Darwin. Though how the son and the antediluvian ancestor come to be contemporaries in this here age, beats me. I declare if that youngster ain't asleep. Say, bub, wake up, it's time to go to bed.



THE TYRANNICAL CUSTOM.

[SCENE.—A humble house of mourning.]

LITTLE EVA.—Ma, won't God take care of us if we don't get black clothes 'cause pa died?

MA.—Yes, dear, God will care for us, but our christian neighbors won't!

The Story of Artus Sturgus Hardus.

AS RELATED IN THE "HALF-HOURLY HERALD," A. D. 3,000

BY DICK DUMPLING.

Long, long ago, before the present tunnel under the Atlantic was ever thought of, and when it was considered fashionable to be a goody—goody Sunday-school teacher, and, at the same time, a baddy—baddy pilfering accountant, there lived a very wise king, whose name was Populus. He owned and ruled over a fair portion of country called Ontario, and was vastly superior to all other kings in this respect, viz:—he had the power of being in every part of his domain at the same time.

Well, King Populus had a great deal of business to attend to, and consequently employed a great number of servants. Among them was one called Artus Sturgus Hardus, whose duty was to conduct all correspondence, and other things of a like nature concerning the interests of the king. He had to receive a report from a lesser official named Immigrationis Agentus, who was stationed in another part of the country. It was his place to lay this report before His Majesty the King, after having examined it carefully—it is supposed—for the purpose of correcting any grammatical errors that might creep in, for King Populus had much knowledge, and it hurt his feelings greatly when he read bad grammar. On this account it was necessary for a mortal in the position of Artus Sturgus Hardus to be somewhat intelligent, and, to give the servant in question his due, it must be admitted that he knew something, or, as would be said in those days, "he had a good head." Again, to use an ancient word, he had considerable "gumption," for he was a lawyer. Lawyers were queer folk, but the people of this age know very little about them, for they were abolished centuries ago, when it was found that they were not at all necessary for the advancement of civilization, that in fact they retarded it, and that they should never have been invented. A petrified lawyer can be seen in the "Queerest Things' Room" at the Universal Museum, on the upper end of the North Pole. It is a perfect specimen, excepting its tongue, which has withstood all attempts at petrification on account of its continual wagging, even after death. But we are digressing. There came a time when Artus Sturgus Hardus received the usual report from Immigrationis Agentus, and, in reading it over, he discovered that it contained somewhat flattering allusions to Nationalis Policia, a personage who was well known on account of the good he had done for his country, but who was unceasingly hated by Artus Sturgus Hardus for this reason: Mr. N. Policia had been brought into notice by an opponent of Artus Sturgus Hardus. Therefore Artus Sturgus Hardus lost no opportunity of denouncing and making little of the prosperity-giving Mr. Policia, while he inwardly envied him. So when he read in the report before him, of the good that was directly or indirectly attributed to the popular Nationalis Policia, he howled with rage. He quickly snatched up a cutting instrument called scissors, and carefully removed that passage of the report which concerned Nationalis Policia. We must here inform our readers that the ancients of the 19th century did a great deal of cutting with those instruments, of which there are only two-pairs known to present antiquarians; one is in the Universal Museum, and the other was lost between China and California, about nine hundred years ago. The ancients did not use scissors for cutting as much as we now use electricity for the same purpose—even for cutting an acquaintance or a figure.

Well, when Artus Sturgus Hardus had fixed the report to his own taste by leaving out what was complimentary to Nationalis Policia, he forthwith presented it to King Populus. But by some fortunate means, Immigrationis Agentus managed to read the report as given to the King, and immediately told Populus what had been left out. The latter was exceedingly wrathful. He called his servant, Artus Sturgus Hardus, before him, and having rebuked him for his unfaithfulness in attempting to conceal from him the prosperous state of his country, bade him retire, but to continue his work for a while as he could not dismiss him until the time for which he had engaged him had expired.

When the joyous season called election came, King Populus retired Artus Sturgus Hardus on a weekly pension of twenty-five old copies of the *Globe*. He then gave him a pair of pewter scissors, and sent him home to his native city,